NAPANEE BEAVER.

NAPANEE, ONT., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1880.

Lord Brackenbury.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS

Author of "Barbara's History," "Lieutenant's Pass," etc.

CHAPTER LXIV.

BACK TO PARIS.

The second time evoked the countess's excitement: it was somewhat allayed by the explosion; it was a shock—a shock of sudden, no violence, that it seemed to rock the whole frame of the house was being driven in.

Every one in the room rose and hurried to the windows.

If they had seen Varenne rent from top to bottom, and a sea of lava rushing straight upon Naples, it would scarcely have surprised them. But except those where three villages blazing awhile sank now there were four, the general aspect of the landscape was not greatly altered.

They all stood waiting, breathless, wondering what would happen next.

"Did you feel the floor heave?"

"Did you hear the crashing noise?"

"It was as if a thousand doors had flown together."

There were no people left in the burning village. Where were they gone? Ezzo! the city was full of them: monuments and hospitals, the barracks and the churches were all full of them. Why, the Commissary of Police-four times a day half an hour ago—in the last of his bulletins, drew attention to the hostels to say the fifty thousand refugees had come to a Naples within the last twelve hours.

All at once Mr. Fink looked at his watch, and said that it was half past nine, and time for him to be off.

He proposed driving as far as a place called Santa Anastasia, on the north western slope of Vesuvius, and there making his way to the brink of the great crater. He had been told that from that point, locally styled "the first plain." For this sort of excursion he had hired a couple of the best guide, and ordered a light one-horse carretta, which must even now be waiting outside the gates of the city.

To which Lancelot replied that there was nothing he should like better.

Winifred said nothing. Had they been alone, she would have implored her husband to take her with him. But in the presence of so many, and those many strangers, it was impossible.

Mr. Fink divested himself of his waistcoat, chain, and purse, and gave them to the countess.

"Pickpockets and foot-pads are never extraordinary rare in my service: objects in the part of the world," he said, "and to-night they will be out by thousands. I recommend you, Lord Brackenbury, to do as I am doing."

So, emptying his loose silver into his waistcoat pockets, he followed Lancelot to Fink's example.

"You will not run into danger, Lancelot?" whispered Winifred, lying one trembling hand upon his arm.

"No, no, my darling—of course not."

"And you will be back—soon?"

"As soon as I can: but I go as a guest, remember."

He pressed her hands hurriedly between his own. "Let me go, dearest: I have undertaken his, and with a brief "good-by," he was gone.

The transition was so suddenly given and accepted, and the whole thing passed so rapidly, that Winifred felt herself dazed: it did she found herself with Countess Castalmona in her room on the third floor.

The countess being too tired to talk, and Winifred too anxious—the conversation flagged. Now and then, between the trembling of the floors and the shaking of the windows, the fair American fell fast asleep.

Winifred waked and watched: the life world of Naples was in full flow. Sitting bolt upright, reaching up from the burning depths of hell, the lava rose and fell and fell and rose, and that terrible fiery tongue-like flame. A glowing roof of smoke had arched over the whole city: by day and all the sky was reddened, and the houses and the shipping were lighted and by night the glowing roof of smoke and canopy which half obscured and half revealed the burning mountain.

And where were they all this time? The streets crowded rightly when she looked down upon them, overpowered herself even hardly be able to answer that question. Where, in fact, did Drinker hither and thither, back ward and forward? Tender, from the gates of the Alzio del Cervallo, meeting forth as far as the mouth of hell, they beheld the whole concern of that roiling river of lava, herself by hundreds of offenses is spreads to right and left as it makes out of the burning mountain, sliding into a river, bearing red-hot, semi-fluid scoria with it long masses of the whole fiery mass, and the whole people, as they all before them. That stream of lava was bound at its source, flowing, as we have seen, down the side of La Cocuzza, and striking it a few hundred yards from the village of Massa, it then plunged its way through the Atrio del Cervallo.

Even now, as they look upon it, the lava above La Cocuzza is more of a divide; the stream is narrowed, and it flows in the direction of the embroidered slopes at the foot of the spur on which the convent stands.

Already that this stream has widened to a quarter of a mile, and is still widening. There are no Cheshire cats under Vesuvius: each one vanishes in a direction but its own. Where is his brother Gustave? Where are they go, raving like madmen down the Grand Canal!

Grand Canal! Each mother is at the door. Their mothers, the widow Pinto, and the widow Cicco, and the widow Ferrara—all their mothers—all their mothers dead!

The countess, waking with the woe upon that woman is rushing down to give what help he can.

Then, at last, Winifred, heartsick, sleepless, tired to the bone, and almost dead with fear, sank down upon the floor, and prayed.

She prayed for her husband, for Lancelot, for Mr. Fink, for the countess, for the people of the house, for the people of the city, for the people of the whole world, and then she prayed for herself.

Then, at last, she rose from her knees, and sat down by the window, and looked out upon the burning mountain, and the burning city, and the burning sea, and the burning sky, and thought that the end of the world was come

MONEY TO LOAN.

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Grand Trunk Railway.

Napanee Beaver.

THOMPSON & BIRDSALL, Publishers.
G. M. THOMPSON, } Editors.
H. BIRDSALL, }

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1880.

Sentenced.

John Edgar Dales, of Tyendinaga, who was detected last week in attempting to pass a forged check in Belleville, was sentenced on Monday last to six months in jail.

Taxes.

The collector will be ready to circulate his notices next week, and as the serpentine is greatly in need of funds it is to be hoped the rate payers will respond promptly.

Set Upon.

The petition asking for an investigation into the fire in the Chamberlain Block was promptly set upon by the town fathers, only one member of the Council voting to grant the prayer of the petition.

Headquarters for clothing Dempsey.

Forestry.

At the recent meeting of the High Court of Foresters, Dr. Oddfellowship, of London, was elected H. C. R. and W. S. Wilkinson, Esq., of Napanee, Treasurer. The next meeting of the High Court will be held at Ottawa.

A Napanonean Abroad.

A paragraph in the [illegible] Emerson, Manitoba, makes note of some improvements which Mr. Forester Lane, of that city, is making in his business block. We are pleased to see our old friend Mr Lane is doing well in the prairie province.

Executor's Sale.

The executors of the late John Hinch, Esq., announce that they will sell by public auction, on Saturday, 23d inst., 6 lots of land, cleared, farming implements, also a quantity of hay and straw. Sale at the deceased's late residence half of lot 11 on the north range of Camden. J. S. Miller, auctioneer.

Visit Mr. Smith now to 1 book in one of his cases if you can.

For the West.

Mr. Joseph Dibble of North Fredericksburgh is spending about the last of the present month for Dakota, where he intends settling. He spent two months there last year. Manitoba and the North west appear visit[illegible] very well satisfied with the country and contributed to settle in that province.

Auction Sale.

Mr D W Tickell has decided to offer his farm stock and implements for sale at public auction. The sale will take place on Thursday, Oct. 21st next, when the reader is referred to the [illegible] Commission of report on. We hope to see the sale a most successful event, at least to assist the organization, as a start has to be made and a necessity to start it.

200 Rolls of best cloth made into [illegible] at Dempsey's.

The Band.

A petition having been in the hands of the subscribers for the purpose of the town was presented to the Town Council on Monday evening asking for a grant to the Band, and the matter was referred to the Finance Committee to report on. We hope to see the band's small grant at least, to assist the organization, as a start has to be made and a necessity to start it.

200 Rolls of best cloth made into [illegible] at Dempsey's.

The G. T. R.

The receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway show a steady and constant increase, and is the only road in the country which is returning [illegible] for the week ending the 25th ult. The receipts for passenger tickets for the month of September, shows the number of tickets sold [illegible] the same month of 1879, and for the same month of the previous year we [illegible] of $700. The freight receipts also show a gratifying increase.

Newspaper Changes.

Some important changes were made on Friday last in the proprietorship and staff of the Kingston Daily News. Mr Wm. Mack retires from the partnership, leaving Mr. Lewis Blackburn sole proprietor. Mr. Mack's connection with the paper has been of a most pleasant character, and we regret to lose him from the ranks of the publishers. Mr. Johnson, for many years one of the paper's most valued men, succeeds Mr. Mack as manager. Mr. Mc[illegible] succeeds the position. Mr. Mc[illegible] as local reporter, has accepted a position on the Whig, and Mr. J. A. Macdonald, late of the Gananoque Reporter, [illegible] Mr. [

Continued from first page.

...ut it one arm, painting fresh anthemionate with the other. "Mr. Fink-Nottle, do not flat the rear of the flower pot by the side of the marguerite drawn at hazard outside, and the reader by unbend."

Unbowed, but not unmoved, for the Fight, though only a wasted ball fell upon his face. And [illegible] as he if stirred by storm. It was grey dawn when Winifred, worn out by watching, fell at last into a troubled sleep. It was gray day—Venetia had hidden her face in heavy smoke cloud, and the strange hue of the eruption subsided into a deep and distant thundering—when she awoke.

"Leonard!"

Haggard and smoke-bl-stained, blear-eyed, horn, his hands bleeding and blistered, he stood before her.

"Leonard! Look, thank God! Where is Mr. Fink? Where is the countess?"

She has this moment left the room. Fink is with her. He is all safety at last. He is burned and knocked about, like myself."

"Burned! Heavens! where have you been? But you are safe—safe!"

"Oh yes, we are safe enough. We have been in no real danger; but—Winifred, there is something to tell you."

Something to tell me? Why do you look so at that? You frighten me . . . what is it?"

He took her hands in his. He dropped his voice to a whisper.

"I have seen him—Cuthbert mybrother—face to face."

EPHEMIR.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

[illegible] is to be more than ordinarily essential years of the world. A [illegible] of [illegible] of cream and lace, of oranges, and of [illegible] air. In India, the last [illegible] the Mutiny had been stamped out. In [illegible] the taking of Magdala had [illegible] to the heavy death of King Theodore.

Not only the French and Sardinian [illegible] had been the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]